

## I'll Always Be Your Friend by Losermultifandomidiot

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**Summary:**

You reflect on your first meeting with Steve.

# I'll Always Be Your Friend

## Author's Note:

Gender neutral reader

How a 9 year old child gets a hold of a witch's spell book is an odd mystery in it's own. Now how that same 9 year old child was able to cast a spell from that book is an even greater mystery especially when said child casted a spell that summoned a demon; the shit had truly escalated from a 'coincidence' to just downright 'what the absolute hell'.

You were a fairly new demon, not fully developed yet so you more or so resembled a 'human preteen'. Which angered you because hell was not a nice place for demon's of your status but you knew over time that you would eventually grow and revert back to the way you looked when your soul was dragged to hell. You had seen a lot of weird things while in hell however sight before you was something surely to be hold.

There, standing before you was a 9 year old child, his short hair brown, the same color that matched his eyes. His eyes were wide, face completely innocent. How did this child summon you? You may have looked like a child, but you still retained your memories.

"Why did you summon me, little boy." your voice was soft, unusual for your normal way of talking when you were 'working'. The little boy fiddled with his fingers, looking down at his feet.

"A-a-are you a bad demon?" his voice was quiet and high pitched. You cocked your head to the side in utter disbelief. This child believe that there was such a thing as good and bad demons. You'd thought that his parents would've taught him how demons were 'evil'. You thought the boy must be younger than you thought he was which would explain his naive idea.

"No I am not a bad demon. How did you learn how to summon a demon, child?" he glanced up at you and then walked back, grabbing a witch's spell book.

“I-i found this, and read that the good demons, if you ask them nicely will grant you a wish!” he gave a wide smile. He was talking about demons like you, demons who made deals with humans for the price of their soul; they’d get whatever they want.

“So you wanted to ask for something, little one?” he nodded furiously.

“What did you want to ask, child?”

“Uhhh– I don’t wanna too stupid but, uhh… I want you to be my friend.” he whispered, fiddling with his fingers again.

You were shocked.

This boy summoned a demon.

To be his friend.

‘What a naive child,’ you thought leaning down to take the boy’s hand. ‘I’m glad I responded to this one first,’ you frowned a little at the thought of what if another demon had showed up to meet this boy instead of you. They would more than likely collect his soul, lacking empathy, a cruel cold hearted demon.

This boy would’ve been a goner without a doubt.

“I will be your friend, child.” you whispered to him softly, watching the bright big smile pop up on his face and his eyes beaming with the same light.

“Yes, thank you so much ma’am! I finally have a friend! Yay!” he jumped up in down in joy, making you laugh at the silly antics. You hadn’t felt this sense of warmth in a very long time. The boy abruptly stopped jumping looking at you with a blank face.

“What is it child?”

“I realized I never asked for your name and I feel kinda bad for not asking for it first.” he gave a small adorable pout that made you feel a rush through your body. You reached out and gave the boy’s hair a rustle, smiling wider at the tiny squeak he made when you did.

“I’m (Y/N).” using your old human name felt weird. You had been going by a few demons names mostly for your work but allowing your human name to slip past your lips felt, almost too good.

“(Y/N) is such a pretty name! I love it!” he gave you another wide smile making you laugh.

“Why thank you. Now what is your name?”

“Steve, Steve Harrington!” he bounced up and down holding your hand. You gave his hand a small squeeze.

“Well Steve, you’ve got yourself a new friend now; what would you like to do first?” Steve smile could move mountains with how wide it opened. You couldn’t help but think how a human could have as big of a heart as his. He was special.

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“What are you thinking about, (Y/N).” Steve’s voice deeper, destroying your train of thought. You turned to the boy lying beside you, holding your hand, bigger than what you were remembers, hair much longer and untamed, however he still had the same dough eyes, and kind heart,

“Just about the first time we met.” you pressed your forehead against his, gripping his hand tighter.

“Mmm and what about the first time we met?” he leaned up and kissed your noses.

“Just how it went down... and how adorable you were as a small child.” the two of you giggled at your comment.

“Well I think I’m still adorable now.”

“Indeed you are my love.”

“What else are you thinking about the first time we met?”

“How you just asked the first demon to summon to be your friend.” you gaze into his deep brown eyes still full of that same light and

warmth.

“Yeah that was a little crazy.” he chuckled.

“No it wasn’t, love?” you sat up just a bit to hold his face, his skin very soft to the touch.

“Mhm and how wasn’t I crazy?”

“Cause you know I’ll always be your friend. Especially your girlfriend, my love.” you leaned down giving him one kiss on his lips. Steve’s lips moved softly against your own, an endearing kiss it was. You pulled away watching, Steve’s hand coming out and hold your face.

“I know you will and I appreciate it. Thank you for being my friend and especially my lover.”

“You’re welcome, love. Thank you for teaching me how to be human again.” you lean in capturing his lips one more time.